

## Jay-Z

### "02 - Politics As Usual"

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You know how we do roc a fella forever, you can catch me

Skatin' through your town puttin' it down y'all relatin'  
No waitin' I'll make your block infrared hot I'm like Satan

Y'all feel a nigga's struggle y'all think a nigga love to  
Hustle behind the wheel tryin' to escape my trouble  
Kids stop they greetin' me, I'm talkin' sweet to keys  
Cursin' the very God that bought this wreath to be

My life is based on sacrifices, jewels like ices  
And fools that think I slip, you fuck around  
You get your guys hit, they built me to be filthy  
On some I-do-or-die shit, for real  
The price of leather's got me, deeper than ever and  
Just think, with this here, I'm tryin' to feel made nigga

Politics as usual

I took my Frito to Tito in the district, blessed me with some

VS somethings I can live with, stop frontin'  
And for the dough I raise, gotta get shit appraised  
No disrespect to you, make sure you word is true  
I'm takin' wages down in Vegas just in case Tyson  
Have a major night off, that's clean money, the tax write-off

You ain't seen money in your life, when it  
Comes to this cheese y'all like three blind mice

A smokin' bro, who pump Willie Ike spokes  
The furthest you Chiles been is the Pocanos  
My portfolio reads, leads to Don Corleone, nigga please  
Ten year feleon, heavy on the wrist, our face used  
With the diamond blooded Jesus and blind your face  
You'se for life, sharight, jigga, I keep it tight nigga

Politics as usual

You feel my triumph never, feel my pain I'm lyin'  
Low in the leather Zion, the best that's ever came

The game changes like, my mind just ain't right  
We 'gwan get this dough, I guess it ain't your night  
Suckin' me in like a vacuum, I remember  
Tellin' my family I'll be back soon, that was December  
Eighty-five and, Jay-Z rise ten years later  
Got me wise still can't break my underworld ties

I wear black a lot, in the AC', act a lot  
Got matchin' VCR's, a huge Magnavox  
To nitch, green like spinach pop wines that's vintage  
It's a lot of big money in my sentence  
Hittin' towards a mil', lip a, written I kill like that  
Chick faked me one-two cat, yeah, I do dat  
Ain't no stoppin' the champagne from poppin'  
The drawers from droppin', the law from watchin', I  
hate 'em

Politics as usual

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